



Change The Past To Save the Future



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Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

"If you can't explain it simply, you don't understand it well enough."

- Albert Einstein

It was a week after Hope had left when I received a letter from Dad.

Yes, I still was mad at him for running off to marry another woman, but he technically still was my dad, right? I just got a stepmother, a stepbrother, and a stepsister.

The day was cool, with a slight breeze tossing my thick auburn hair gently, while the sun warmed the ground. I was running out to get the mail, hoping for a letter from Ellen. She had promised to send a letter, but Ellen didn't say when she would send it.

Opening the mailbox and retrieving the mail, I searched frantically for a letter from Ellen.

"Junk, junk, junk," I muttered, running back up the driveway, flipping through all the mail.

There were several letters to Mom, and 2 for Becky, and I was about to give up hope when I saw 2 letters addressed to me.

One letter's handwriting was neat and legible. The other one was perfect and small.

I gasped, recognizing the handwriting on the leaning one. This one was Dad's! I opened the front door, and entered the house, making sure to close and lock the door behind me.

"What's in the mail sweetie?" Mom asked. She was washing dishes from lunch, drying them

quickly.

"Here's your mail," I tossed Mom the letters and hurried to my room to open my own mail.

"Becky, mail for you," I heard Mom call from the kitchen. I ran down the stairs. Since I connected Becky with a friend, I was careful to avoid zapping Becky or her friend out die, and Becky would

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too.

I hurried down the hall, and opened my room. Plopping onto my couch, I shut the door firmly behind me, and took out my turquoise letter opener.

Once the envelope was open, I removed the letter, and unfolded it, reading the paper. It read: Dear Madeline,

I know you are mad at me for marrying a new wife, but I would like to explain a few things, if you decide not to tear this letter apart. Even though I would understand if you did.

I know you are angry at me for abandoning Becky, you, and Tina while your mother was lying unconscious in the hospital. And I know you were furious when I started dating Clara, and wanted a divorce with your beautiful mother. I hope your mother will find a man that deserves her, and a man who will care for you and your sisters.

You can call me selfish. You can call me thoughtless. You can even call me a coward. Still, I think Clara would be a lovely stepmother to you. She's kind, caring, and funny. Clara also has two wonderful children named Owen and Olivia, your two step siblings.

Owen and Olivia are wonderful, and kind, perfect for Becky, you, and Tina. If you met Clara, Owen, and Olivia, you would understand. Clara would be another motherly figure for you to look up to, and remember who you are. We are all a large family, always growing, but always together.

You are my beautiful, bright, kind daughter.

Yours truly,

Dad

I did exactly what Dad expected me to do. I. Tore. It. Up. (Boy, did that feel wonderful!)

Why should the man that abandoned Mom choose who would be my stepmother, choose what I didn't want. Why should Dad try to sound pitiful, when he was a coward, and a selfish man?

Once I finished tearing, I tossed the shreds in my blue trash can, the one with a white flower, and an elegant M. Lying on the couch, I looked at the other envelope that was still unopened and untouched sitting beside me. Opening it, I removed the letter, and unfolded it. I read it, smiling in delight of what it read. It read:

Hi Maddy!

How is going? Well, I know it has been a while since I wrote, but I've been busy. I haven't forgotten about you though.

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Wait til you hear this news! I have a new baby, and I said I name her, and I named her, Alice! It means nobility, and I hope you like it. Alice is a beautiful name. It's a classic name. It also is feminine and dainty, but highness and innocence. Alice has a separate and independent existence. There also was a princess named Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria, but I'm probably

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boring you by now. Sorry.

I heard about what heard about what happened to your dad and your mom.



I'm really sorry, and I hope you feel better.

Also, I got enrolled to this really private high school, and it's only for really brilliant kids. I'm not smart! I told that to my parents, but they just laughed, and said, "You're smart in your own way." What does that mean? I'm certain I'm not bright.

Is there any exciting news? I miss you so much. None of my friends here in Sweden are like you. Please respond soon and please send me a photo of you. I'm dying to see what you look like now!

Your friend,

Ellen

Taking out my silver laptop/tablet, I opened the lid, and logged it.

Opening my e-mail, I entered Ellen's e-mail address, and started writing.

Dear Ellen,

It's me, Maddy! I just received your letter, and I hope you don't mind too much that I'm typing this instead of writing it by hand.

In the mail, I also received a letter from my dad. He wrote all about how he still loved me, and how he wanted me to meet my stepmother. Blah, blah, blah, all this annoying stuff. He's technically not my dad anymore, but he still sent me a letter. I tore it up as soon as I read it. You're very smart, even though you like imagining things and drifting off in your enormous imagination. (Not in a mean way.)

You're a wonderful writer, and an artist, when you put your mind to it.

Becky just made a new friend at school, a girl named Molly. Tina is busy writing, and my mom seems to be fine after the divorce. She already filed all the papers, and now, my mom no longer has a husband.

Alice is a really beautiful name, and I'm sure Alice will one day thank you for the lovely name. I seem to feel better after the divorce, and I don't really care about my "dad." He abandoned me in the first place.

I'm sending a picture of me with this e-mail. Please write back soon.

Your friend,

Maddy

I took a quick photo of me

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explaining already and didn't want to do more.

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I was sitting in my room, my silver computer in my lap, but unopened. Panda was sleeping on the rug, shifting every few minutes.

I was opening and closing my eyes, feeling my new powers through my body. It was harder than I thought to control it. One little zap, and BOOM. Someone would die or get severely injured, maybe paralyzed for life.

Then I heard it. It was a gentle, soothing voice, calling me to the library.

“Come on Madeleine. Come to the library,” the voice called.

Panda looked up, and growled.

“What’s wrong Panda?” I asked. I was starting to stand up, placing the computer beside me.

“Ignore the silly dog,” the voice snapped. Then, it sweetened. “Listen to me.”

Panda suddenly whimpered, and flinched back in fear. Panda limped over to me, and looked up at me with her big brown eyes, as if to say, don’t listen.

“Listen to me,” the voice echoed in my head.

Panda attempted to stop me, closing my bedroom door. I opened it, entranced by the voice.

Come to the library. Come to the library. Come to the library. Come to the library.

I descended a set of stairs, Panda whimpering at my heels. Panda’s claws clicked on the brown wood, but I ignored it. I couldn’t stop myself, no matter how hard I tried, even with my powers. A cold chill ran through my body, as my hand grasped the cold knob. The chill made my hand turn, and enter the library.

An old, musty smell was in the library, instead of it’s usual fresh, and clean smell. Panda seemed to whimper more, but I continued to ignore her.

A book was on the ground, and the chill made me pick it up. The chill also made me flip past a few pages and stop at a specific one.

“Look child,” the voice hissed. “Look at the page.”

My eyes focused on the page, widening in astonishment of what the page held.

It read:

Susan Madeleine Brooks was an unique woman that lived in the 18th century, until her mysterious disappearance in January 1837.

Susan Brooks was born on a small farm in England in 1750 to a bright woman named Cecilia

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Unfortunately for young Susan, women were expected to be mothers and housewives, which left Susan with very few choices.

In 1772, Susan married a gentleman named Robert, and Robert decided to move to the thirteen colonies. Susan followed without a word.

In 1773, the Boston Tea Party happened, and Susan was unsure if she wanted to stay in the colonies. Robert refused to move back to England, and Susan stayed.

2 years past, and the Revolutionary War began. Robert and Susan's father were sent to fight. Unfortunately, Christopher still lived in England, meaning he had to fight against his son-in-law, against his youngest daughter.

Christopher wanted to change sides with his wife, but shortly afterwards, he was executed for being considered a traitor.

Susan was devastated at her father's death, but she continued.

England offered Susan a chance to live, to become a spy for the colonists. Susan hesitated, but they threatened to kill her mother. Susan agreed.

Years had passed, and Robert was still fighting. Susan and her mother were still alive, and Susan was doing her job easily.

Then came the worst part. England wanted Susan to poison colonists, and Susan hesitated again. They would kill her mother if she didn't do it. Susan agreed.

Susan killed at least 50 colonists each month, and then, Susan's nightmare came true. Susan accidentally killed Robert without her quite realizing it until it was too late. Susan wept over his dead body, furious at herself for killing her own husband.

The war soon ended, and Susan remarried to another man named Elijah, having 4 children. Her mother soon died, and Susan mourned for the loss of her mother. Elijah soon died afterwards, causing Susan to be filled with grief.

Susan soon went bankrupt, forcing herself to steal food, money, and lie to save her life. Susan's children left her after what Susan had done, and Susan was lonely again. In 1847, Susan mysteriously disappeared, and was never found. She was declared dead later the same year, declared dead of absence.

Still, Susan's descendants claim to see and feel Susan Madeleine Brooks' presence wherever

they go, knowing that Susan will never rest. She had killed her husband, Robert, after all those years.

I closed the book, remembering this woman, Susan Madeleine Brooks.

Brooks was my great grandmother, and I had no proof that she was my great grandmother. But I had no proof that she wasn't.

I had no proof that Susan Brooks was a family relative, or even related to me.

But I had no proof that she wasn't.

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I ran out of the library when I heard the garage open. Mom was back from shopping, and I had a few questions that I wanted answers to.

I descended down the stairs and hurried over to Mom. Mom was taking off her blue wedges, and setting them on the rack in the mud room.

"Hi Maddy," Mom ruffled my auburn hair.

"Mom," I started out slowly.

"Yes?" Mom asked.

"I discovered this old book in the library, and it was all about a woman named Susan Madeleine Brooks who lived in the 1700s. I was wondering if we're related to her," I slowly said.

Mom tucked a loose strand of auburn hair behind her ear. "I don't know anything Susan Brooks," Mom replied. "Ask Grandma. Maybe she knows."

I slipped my cell phone out of my mini skirt pocket, and dialed Grandma Madison's phone number.

"Hello? Madeleine? Is that you?" It took me a moment to realize that Grandma had already picked up and was talking to me.

"Hi Grandma," I said. "It's me, Madeleine."

"Hi Maddy!" If I saw Grandma when she was talking, I would have bet she was smiling. "Why did you call?"

"I have a question," I began.

"And I have an answer," Grandma interrupted.

"Are we related to a woman named Susan Madeleine Brooks?" I blurted out.

Silence.

"You mean the woman that lived in the 1700s?" Grandma sounded oddly unsure, and edgy.

"Yes," I continued listening.

"Well, do you think she is?" Grandma asked, sounding tense.

"That's why I called you. To find out," I was growing a bit impatient.

Silence again.

"I never told your mother or any other person," Grandma began. "My mother didn't tell me until I was 20 years old."

"So, are we?" I asked.

Silence.

Grandma said one word softly, but it was loud in my head.

"Yes."

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